

## GAGS AND TIES UP, GIRL, THEN SHEARS OFF HER TRESSES

Strange Man Cuts Flowing Hair of Ella Hennessy and Then Escapes.

HER STRUGGLES IN VAIN.

Girl in Nervous Breakdown as Result of Experience—Suspect Held for Grand Jury.

(Special to The Evening World.)  
LONG BRANCH, N. J., April 28.—Ella Hennessy, a pretty seventeen-year-old girl, is ill and in danger of permanent injury to her mind, at her home in Church street, from a horrible experience she went through Saturday afternoon.

Miss Hennessy was ironing out a waist in the kitchen of her home. A man with a limp walked in without knocking and grinned at her.

"What do you want," she asked bravely. "Where do you think you are?"

"Where are the folks?" asked the fellow, who was about thirty-five years old and was about thirty-five years old and was about thirty-five years old.

"They are all out," said Miss Hennessy, "and you'd better get out, too."

She was sorry in a moment that she had told him the house was empty except for herself, because, still laughing with an ugly twist of his mouth, he started toward her.

She screamed, but he sprang at her, clutching her by the throat and choking her. The ironing board went down with a crash and the top of the sink fell against the edge of the kitchen sink.

The girl was paralyzed with fear by the suddenness of the attack.

MAN THREATENS TO CHOKER HER TO DEATH.

"Be good," he said, still gripping her throat with one hand as he bent her back over the sink, "or I will choke you to death."

Deliberately he took a handkerchief from his pocket with his right hand. It was knotted in the middle. He told Miss Hennessy to open her mouth "wide."

Hypnotized by her fear, she did. He thrust the knot between her teeth and, releasing her throat, tied the handkerchief at the back of her neck. With another handkerchief he bound her hands behind her back.

Then he stood away from her, still laughing cruelly as she stood, half fainting, against the edge of the sink.

"Never would notice me, would you?" he jeered. "No proud of your pretty hair? We'll fix that."

From the breast pocket of his coat he drew a pair of heavy black shears and grasping the helpless girl about the shoulders he sheared away clip after clip of her heavy chestnut hair.

He untied the braid at the back of her head and painstakingly spared one strand.

"I am going to leave you one braid," he said, "just to remember what you once had to be proud of."

Then he walked out as suddenly as he had come. He made not the slightest attempt to injure her except by mutilating her hair.

SUSPECT IS HELD UNDER \$1,000 BAIL FOR GRAND JURY.

The mother and sister of the girl, coming in half an hour later, found her unconscious on the floor of the front hall. They put her to bed, and after she had been attended to by a physician she was able to tell the story of her ordeal in broken bits.

The police were called in immediately, from the girl's description they felt warranted in arresting William E. Bennett, son of a travelling salesman.

J. Milton Bennett. When he was taken to Miss Hennessy's home she covered her face as soon as she had a good look at him, saying he was the man who had attacked her.

Bennett was injured in a railroad accident two years ago. His leg was amputated and his brain was affected by a blow on the head. The police do not believe he is well balanced mentally. He was held in \$1,000 bail by Recorder Aaronson, yesterday, for the Grand Jury.

Bennett denies he was anywhere near the Hennessy house Saturday afternoon. Friends of the family believe him and insist the girl in her hysterical condition, would have identified any man whom the police took before her.

The young man is employed by the Consolidated Gas Company of Long Branch.

REJECTED SUITOR KILLED IN ATTACK ON SWEETHEART.

Mother of Girl Going to Her Defense With Pistol, Fatally Wounds Another Man by Stray Shot.

CHICAGO, April 28.—Arthur Marston, twenty-five years old, was struck on the head with a hatchet and killed today after he attacked Anna Forte, sixteen years old, because she refused to marry him. Pasquale Forte, nineteen years old, a brother of the girl, is said to have struck the blow if he has not been captured.

Mrs. Pasquale Forte went to the assistance of her daughter, armed with a revolver. She fired at Marston and the bullet, speeding through a window, struck Frank Alfano, twenty-two years old, who was passing the house.

The wound is over the heart and the physician says Alfano probably will die. Mrs. Forte, mother of the girl, Pasquale Forte, a member of the firm of Forte Brothers, bankers, and a cousin of the girl and Anna Forte were taken into custody.

## WHY IS YOUR MARRIAGE A SUCCESS? WHY IS IT A FAILURE?

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### French Marriages of Convenience Happier Than Many of the American Love Matches



"I Am Forty-five Years of Age and Love My Husband More Now than I Did on the Day I Was Married to Him," Writes "A French Mother," Whose Parents Picked Out Her Husband.

"Couples Who Live Beyond Their Means and Don't Pay Their Bills Lead Unhappy Married Lives," Declares "Henry F.," a Grocer Who Has Many Accounts He Can't Collect.

By Nizola Greeley-Smith.

At last, a novelty—a letter from a wife forty-five years of age, who says that she is perfectly happy, and that she is more in love with her husband today than on her wedding day. But on that festive or fatal occasion she was not in love at all and neither was the bridegroom, for she tells us that "our marriage was arranged for us by our parents. It is the French custom."

As proof of her domestic felicity, this unusual contributor to The Evening World inclosed with her communication a love letter written to her recently by her husband while he was absent from his home.

This is the first unqualified admission of domestic happiness which I have received. And it comes from a woman who married without love. What a brief for what the average person knows as the French marriage of convenience—what an indictment of our romantic marriages—

—we are so boastful of the freedom in mating we accord our young men and women that we should be able to show some happy results. Where are the happy marriages which have grown out of the American love match? Undoubtedly the basic idea of our marriages is better than that which regulates such unions in France. From our point of view it is immoral for persons without love to marry. We think too that if the strongest and most compelling force in the universe is inadequate to insure the happiness of a man and woman, association without it is foolhardy.

The French, on the other hand, say to themselves: "Whether our young people love each other or not will be all the same five years after the ceremony. Therefore, regardless of their whims, let us make such arrangements as seem best for their permanent well-being."

In the French marriage a husband and wife are really partners and there can be no talk of parasitism or dependence, so there is no place for the humiliation which many women feel at being compelled to ask their husbands for money; and with a dowry no woman need be under the necessity of continuing a marriage which has become immoral, merely because she knows she could not get alimony commensurate with her established standard of expenditure if she asked for a separation.

Many women feel that alimony—except where there are children to be provided for—is a degrading form of sex pension, but they take it just the same from sheer spinelessness and the dread of the difficulties of making a living for themselves. With a dowry which would naturally reverse to him upon a separation or divorce, she would be under no such shameful compulsion.

However, there is no danger that the sentimental Saxon will ever yield to the superior wisdom of the French in this matter. We prefer to approach all the great problems of life with a sprawling vagueness and to meet its practical difficulties by pretending till they knock us silly that they don't exist.

THE FORMULA FOR DOMESTIC HAPPINESS.

If we could combine the idealism of our own marriages with the practical wisdom of the Latin races on such occasions we would have the formula for domestic happiness perhaps. At any rate we would do away with such domestic dilemmas as centre about the financial dependence of the wife and the husband's arbitrary assumption of power based on his position as the bread winner.

Another reader of The Evening World suggests that the present case among women for the "string bean figure" is

happy to occupy myself with American affairs. A FRENCH MOTHER. BLAMES THE CRAZE FOR THE STRING BEAN FIGURE.

Dear Madam: No small percentage of marital unhappiness may be attributed to the present craze of the fair sex to achieve "the string bean" type of figure, which is a horror. Think of the painful elbow of the skinny wife who digs into your ribs with razor-like sharpness! No! "The woman with curves" is a thousand

times more attractive, better tempered and is much more agreeable in a home than the vinegar-like, acidulated, skinny type.

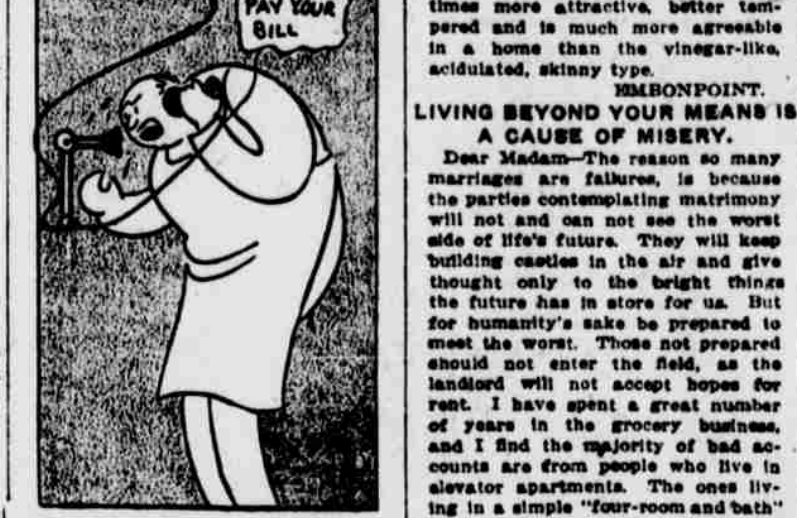
HEAVEN-POINT. LIVING BEYOND YOUR MEANS IS A CAUSE OF MISERY.

Dear Madam:—The reason so many marriages are failures, is because the parties contemplating matrimony will not and can not see the worst side of life's future. They will keep building castles in the air and give thought only to the bright things the future has in store for us. But for humanity's sake be prepared to meet the worst. Those not prepared should not enter the field, as the landlord will not accept hopes for rent. I have spent a great number of years in the grocery business, and I find the majority of bad accounts are from people who live in clever apartments. The ones living in a simple "four-room and bath" will always pay cash, as they will not buy anything they cannot afford. People who ignore butcher and grocer bills and insist on living high will never get very far. You will find many husbands who are in such desperate straits that they are compelled to send their wives out to toil with the masses.

My brother married on \$10 per week, but luckily he passed civil service exams, and now receives \$75 a month. But this is a case in twenty. Don't get married till you have the means of decent support.

HENRY F.

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HUBBY RECOMMENDED HIS OWN WIFE TO ANY WHO WANTED TO WED

Mrs. Le Compte Shows Letter in Her Suit for Separation.

"This is to certify that Madelon Le Compte has been my wife two years. I have found her honest, capable and sober, and I cheerfully recommend her to any one needing the services of a wife and companion. She is also a milliner, dressmaker and cook, and she can darn socks."

This "character," signed "Edward Le Compte, Esq., M. P.," was given Mrs. Le Compte on the second anniversary of her marriage, she testified when she produced the original of the recommendation at the continuation of her separation suit before Justice Scudder in Long Island City today. On the reverse side of the paper was what appeared a warning postscript, for there Le Compte wrote: "They say God helps those who help themselves, but God help him who helps himself here!"

On cross-examination, Mrs. Le Compte said she was sure she didn't know what it was all about.

The present suit, trial of which began yesterday, is but one stride in the litigation that has kept the Le Comptes in the limelight for some time. At one time Le Compte, who is an electrical engineer and inventor, secured his wife's commitment to an asylum, but she was promptly released.

When Mrs. Le Compte resumed her testimony today she told of the desertion by fire of the house at No. 112 Remsen street, Astoria, where she and her husband made their home shortly after their marriage. She swore that the fire marshal found the place where the blaze had been set and she accused her stepson Oliver of having been the firebug. She further swore that Oliver's mother, Le Compte's first wife, had previously threatened to burn her alive. It was announced by counsel that later in the trial the fire marshal will be called upon to testify.

More than a hundred men and women, packed and jammed in two Brooklyn surface cars, were thrown into a state of wild excitement during the morning rush across the Brooklyn Bridge today. A Smith street car bumped into the rear end of a Flatbush avenue car, and passengers in both were piled up in heaps. Traffic was delayed fifteen minutes.

The police obtained the names of two injured persons. They were John W. Jones of No. 515 Eleventh street, Brooklyn, a passenger on the Smith street car, and Thomas M. Henderson of No. 22 Irving place, Manhattan, who was riding on the Flatbush avenue car. Jones' left hand was badly cut by broken glass, while Henderson's right knee was severely wrenched.

The two cars were on the decline at the Manhattan end of the Bridge and were moving slowly because of the congestion there. This congestion brought the Flatbush avenue car suddenly to a stop, but the brakes on the Smith street car failed to work promptly and it crashed into the car ahead.

Women hanging to straps screamed as they were pitched headlong half the length of the car. There was a rush for the doors. Sgt. O'Reilly of Bridge Squad 4, who was in a car immediately behind the Smith street car, hurried forward. He succeeded in quelling the excitement.

Neither Jones, who was on the front platform of the Smith street car, nor Henderson, on the rear of the Flatbush avenue car, was hurt seriously enough to go to a hospital.

Woman Bitten by Tarnantula. (Special to The Evening World.) YORK, Pa., April 28.—Mrs. George H. Hedges of this city was bitten on the hand by a tarantula last Sunday and has been suffering agony since. She has suffered a series of convulsions and doctors are making a hard fight to save her life. Mrs. Hedges' husband keeps a grocery store and she was bitten while stripping bananas from a stalk.

## WOMAN FELL DEAD FROM HEART DISEASE AT STRANGE DOORWAY

Coroner Orders Investigation Into Death of Former Circus Performer.

Although the police have concluded their inquiry with the decision that death was caused by heart disease, Coroner Fenberg is further investigating today the sudden death of Mrs. Dada Fay, formerly a circus performer, who died suddenly in West Sixty-fifth street last night. At the time an ambulance surgeon of the Polyclinic Hospital declared that there was evidence of the woman having suffered from a drug, probably heroin.

Mrs. Fay was entering the apartment house at No. 64 West Sixty-fifth street about 7.30 o'clock last evening when she collapsed on the stone steps leading to the vestibule. Children at play nearby brought Mrs. D. T. Darling, whose laundry occupied the first floor of the building. She found the woman lying unconscious, face down, on the stoop, and all her efforts to revive the stricken woman failed.

When an ambulance arrived the surgeon said the woman was dead. The body was taken to the West Sixty-fifth street police station, where it lay unidentified for some time. The children who were near said the woman was reaching for a doorknob when she collapsed, but no one in the house was able to identify her.

Mrs. Fay's husband is Joseph Fay, a furniture salesman. They lived at No. 45 West Sixty-sixth street. Fay said today that he believes his wife died from natural causes. He said she worked particularly hard yesterday about the house and at 7.10 o'clock left to take a walk. She did not say where she was going and shortly after her departure her husband went to a theatre, not learning of her death until his return at 11 o'clock. Fay declared that he knew of no one in Sixty-fifth street who could have been visiting.

Fay said his wife came to New York six years ago from Sunbury, Pa., where her mother, Mrs. Frances Shaffer, still lives. For a time the young woman was connected with a small circus. He met her at Brighton three years ago and shortly after they were married.

The coroner today instructed Dr. Albert T. Weston to make an investigation. Mrs. Fay was neatly dressed and about her clothes were found numerous pieces of costly jewelry.

May Die of Drinking Antiseptic. Mrs. Nicola Grillo of No. 11 East Third street, drank an antiseptic mixture in mistake for medicine today in her home. She screamed for help. A quantity of lukewarm coffee was administered, but ambulance surgeon Willis who took her to Bellevue Hospital said there is small chance of her recovery.

IS YOUR CHILD'S TONGUE COATED?

If cross, feverish, bilious, stomach sour, give "Syrup of Figs" to clean its little clogged-up bowels.

Mother: Don't scold your cross, peevish child! Look at the tongue! See if it is white, yellow and coated! If your child is listless, drooping, isn't sleeping well, is restless, doesn't eat heartily or is cross, irritable, out of sorts with everybody, stomach sour, feverish, breath bad, has stomach-ache, diarrhoea, sore throat, or is full of cold, it means the little one's stomach, liver and 80 feet of bowels are filled with poisons and foul, constipated waste matter and need a gentle, thorough cleansing at once.

Give a teaspoonful of Syrup of Figs, and in a few hours all the clogged up waste, undigested food and sour bile will gently move on and out of its little waste clogged bowels without nausea, griping or weakness, and you will surely have a well, happy and smiling child again shortly.

With Syrup of Figs you are not drugging your children, being composed entirely of delicious figs, senna and aromatics it cannot be harmful—besides, they dearly love its delicious taste.

Mother: Should always keep Syrup of Figs handy. It is the only stomach, liver and bowel cleanser and regulator needed—a little given to-day will save a sick child to-morrow.

Full directions for children of all ages and for grown-ups plainly printed on the package.

Ask your druggist for the full name, "Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna," prepared by the California Fig Syrup Co. This is the delicious, genuine reliable. Refuse anything else offered.

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